

*Cly.* Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.  
*Bru.* Farewell to you, and you, and you *Voluntius*.  
*Strato*, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:  
 Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:  
 My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,  
 I found no man, but he was true to me.  
 I shall haue glory by this loosing day  
 More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,  
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.  
 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue  
 Hath almost ended his liues History:  
 Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,  
 That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

*Alarum.* Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

*Cly.* Fly my Lord, flye.

*Bru.* Hence: I will follow:

I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,  
 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,  
 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,  
 While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

*Strato.* Give me your hand first, Fare you wel my Lord.

*Bru.* Farewell good *Strato*. — *Cesar*, now be still,  
 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dyes.*

*Alarum.* Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Messala*,  
*Lucilius*, and the Army.

*Octa.* What man is that?

*Messa.* My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?  
*Strato.* Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,  
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:  
 For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,  
 And no man else hath Honor by his death.

*Lucil.* So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*,  
 That thou hast prou'd *Lucilius* saying true.

*Octa.* All that seru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them,  
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Strato.* I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.

*Octa.* Do so, good *Messala*.

*Messa.* How dyed my Master *Strato*?

*Strato.* I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

*Messa.* *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,  
 That did the latest seruice to my Master.

*Ant.* This was the Noblest Roman of them all:  
 All the Conspirators saue onely hee,

Did that they did, in enuy of great *Cesar*:

He, onely in a generall honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the Elements

So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,

And say to all the world, This was a man.

*Octa.* According to his Vertue, let vs vse him

Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.

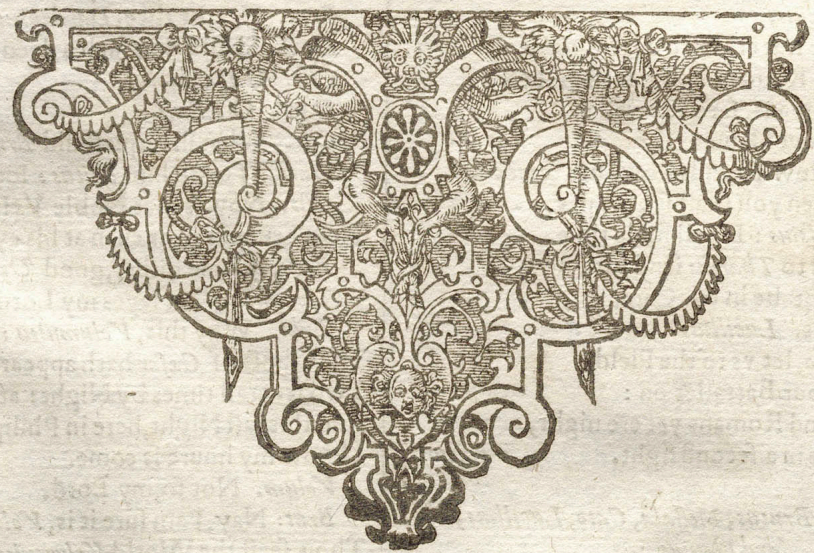
Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,

Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:

So call the Field to rest, and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



# THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet again?  
 In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?  
 2. When the Hurley-burley's done,  
 When the Battaille's lost, and wonne.  
 3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.  
 1. Where the place?  
 2. Vpon the Heath.  
 3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.  
 1. I come, *Gray-Malkin*.  
*Al.* *Padock* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,  
 Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Alarum* within. Enter King *Malcome*, *Dona-  
baine*, *Lenox*, with attendants, meeting  
a bleeding Captaine.

*King.* What bloody man is that? he can report,  
 As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt  
 The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the Sericant,  
 Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought  
 'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;  
 Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,  
 As thou didst leaue it.

*Cap.* Doubtfull it stood,  
 As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,  
 And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald*  
 (Worthie to be a Rebelle, for to that  
 The multiplying Villanies of Nature  
 Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles  
 Of Kernes and Gallowgosses is supply'd,  
 And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,  
 Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:  
 For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserues that Name)  
 Disdayning Fortune, with his brandishe Steele,  
 Which smok'd with bloody execution  
 (Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,  
 Till hee fac'd the Slaue:  
 Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,  
 Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue to the Chops,  
 And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

*King.* O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

*Cap.* As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,  
 Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:  
 So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
 Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,  
 No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,  
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,  
 But the Norweyan Lord, surceyng vantage,  
 With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,  
 Began a fresh assault.

*King.* Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and  
*Banquoh*?

*Cap.* Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;

Or the Hare, the Lyon:

If I say sooth, I must report they were  
 As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,  
 So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:  
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,  
 Or memorize another *Golgotha*,  
 I cannot tell: but I am faint,  
 My Gashes cry for helpe.

*King.* So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,  
 They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter *Rosse* and *Angus*.

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

*Lenox.* What a haste lookes through his eyes?  
 So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

*Rosse.* God saue the King.

*King.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

*Rosse.* From Fife, great King,

Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,

And faune our people cold.

*Norway* himselfe, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,

The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismall Conflict;

Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in prooffe,

Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,

Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,

Curbing his lawfull spirit: and to conclude,

The Victorie fell on vs.

*King.* Great happinesse.

*Rosse.* That now, *Sueno*, the Norweyes King;

Craues composition:

Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,

Till he disburied, at Saint *Colmes* yench,

Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

*King.* No